

Boston Sunday night.

Dear Anne.

You left so sudden-

-ly after we had concluded you would stay, that it was night before I fairly made up my mind that you were gone. It seems now as if you must come in every moment & it is only when I go up stairs and find all my things exactly in the place where I put them that I truly realize it. I should have taken to my bed from pure sleepiness had I not been ashamed to, the moment you were out of the house. I slept awhile tolerably in the afternoon & went to the library on my return I called at Maria's & found Henry Stanton, & Mrs. James-dole there Those people who have Henry Stanton must be careful what they have in their room, for he searched every part of Maria's faithfully, making remarks as he went along. He held forth at a great rate & undertook to teach his Grandmother. Just before he left began ^{to} disclose how little

he cared for money "I don't care that for it" said he throwing a pen which he was twirling in his hand with considerable violence on to the table. It flew over the table however & lighted close by Maria who picking it up threw it back to him saying "And I don't care that either". He was a good deal put down & did not know what to say. I record it as being the first time I ever saw him show the least embarrassment. A week from Tuesday he is to address our society in the best place we can get. Miss Bal is trying to get the Odeon now. Miss Sullivan hopes to get 2 places & ^{take our choice} a notice is to be sent to the churches. Maria spent the evening with us reading Pilgrim's progress & laying plans to raise money. I was so sleepy when ~~when~~ ^{when} I went to bed, that I had vague fears come over me that ~~when~~ if I slept I should never wake up again.

This morning I did not get up till 8 & found that my sleepiness proceeded from a cold in my head. I was distressed when I saw the weather just as bad as ever for I hope the hot weather will carry your cold entirely

off. & is I think the only thing that will.
My cold and the weather were both so bad
that I did not dare go to Mr Blayden's, but
went to the Free Church to hear brother Fitch.
He presribed a most excellent sermon. The
text, "Be thou faithful unto death &c" I have
not heard so good a one since dear brother
Phelps left us. I dined at Maria's. When

Ms. A.9.2.16.16